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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL 74



GC
974.702
N422NH,
1982



INSIGHTS

to express my true feelings. You're so nice
me so very fond of you, just continue,
remember always to love you and want
the way best for (and for me) you
I miss you always.
Mom
17.1.72

You are the extension of me and a very special lady.
Naturally you will succeed as you have. May the
presence of God's love in me touch your angelic beauty
and release to you all your heart's desire. - Your mind is
the source of life and the substance from which all
manifestations evolve. - God Will Always Bless You
from my heart to my heart (you)
Daddy
24 June '82

Just keep on climbing.

Insights



Photo by Arto Sarkissian 8-2

Nathaniel Hawthorne

Intermediate School 74

**61 - 15 Oceania Street
Bayside, New York 11362**

**I. S. 74 Q SCHOOL
1981 - 1982**



Dear Boys and Girls,

It gives me a great deal of pleasure to greet you in this, your own issue of Insights. My congratulations to you and to your parents on your first school graduation.

The theme of your yearbook, "Television", is certainly a timely and appropriate one. For as much as your schooling has served to educate and inform you, television has, in all likelihood, done even more to make you aware of your environment. It has shown you the four corners of the earth, the world beneath the seas and the daily happenings in the capitals and seats of power on every continent. Television has made you, in many ways, citizens of the world.

We can no longer say, "I didn't know." Television has made us cognizant of every problem of mankind: hunger, oppression, sickness and the decay of our natural resources. Such knowledge brings with it responsibility. This responsibility should not be viewed as a burden, but rather as an opportunity to live our lives fully, to share in the work of mankind, to help make our world a better place in which to live.

It encourages us, almost forces us, to the outer limits of our potential, to show our creativity and to take a leadership position rather than sit back and "let George do it."

Do not turn your backs on these opportunities, on these responsibilities. They will enrich your lives and make them more fulfilling. If television can bring this about, it will have served a useful function.

The best of good luck to you in the future.

Sincerely,

Irving Kamil

Irving Kamil
Principal

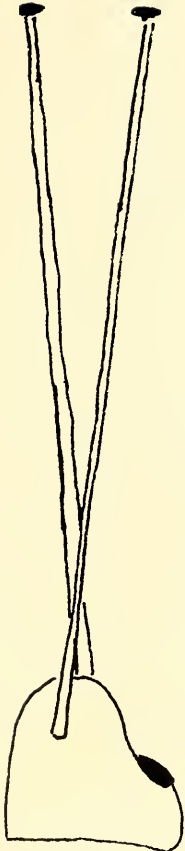


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Art Staff - The eighth grade special art classes and Mrs. Belfi.

Literary Staff - Cally Caplanson, Gary Chun, Beth Eras, George Juang, Sonia Lees, Linda Nicholich, Ileana Paiz, John Palazzolo, Patty Parakmos, Serap Savari, David Slotnick, Stephanie Szumilo, Eugene Tsai, Peggy Wang, Michelle Wolf, and Miss Salzman.



Front cover by Ileana Paiz.

Back cover by Sarah Laub.

What's Happening
By Grace Falco 8-2

"Where is T.V. headed?"
Some people might like to know.

T.V. is headed wherever
people make it go.

T.V. is funny, T.V. is nice.
Would you rather sit watching T.V.,
or sit watching the mice?

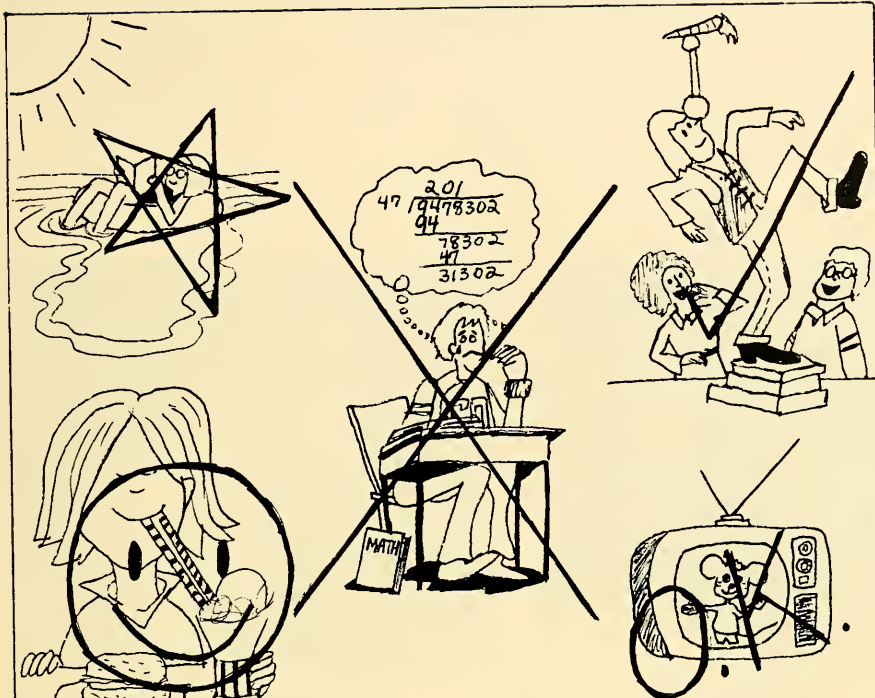
Some people like T.V.
and some people don't.
Some people watch it
and some people won't.

T.V.'s good and T.V. is bad
but let's face it folks,
T.V.'s a life time fad!



Happy
Days

CURRICULUM



JUNE 1982

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	Peggy Wang 8-1		

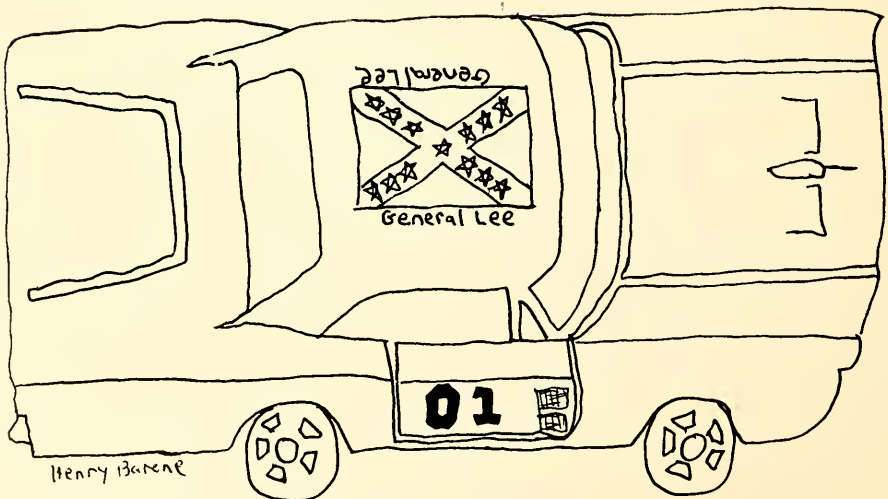
Dukes of Hazzard



Mr. Moskowitz, Mr. Kamil,
Mr. Vogelstein

The Administration

The Dukes take charge once again.
Working together and at a whirling
pace, they make I.S. 74 the best it's
ever been.



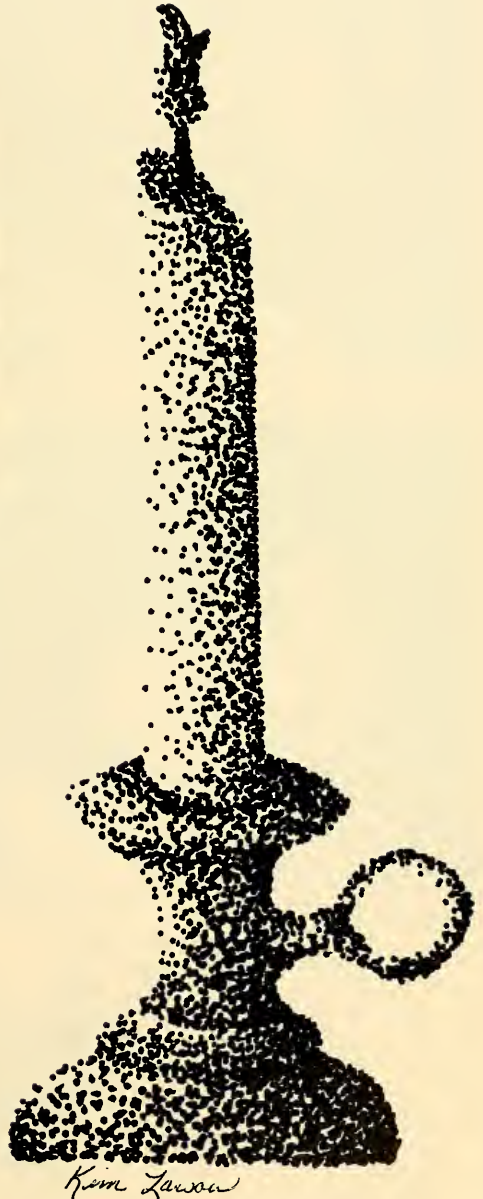
The Guiding Light

Guidance



Mrs. Krugman, Mr. Amato

A ten month saga of the life and times of students at I.S. 74. Our guide for this series, Mrs. Krugman, helped many students choose a path to follow for the years ahead.



Masterpiece Theatre

Art

A course that encouraged students to speak of their deepest feelings and imaginings as they never could do with words. Mrs. Belfi taught her students to look and listen to what the arts say.

Mr. Ross

Mrs. Belfi



Once Upon a Classic



Mrs. Trotta, Mrs. Turian, Mrs. Byer,
Mrs. Sassaman, Mrs. Kurchin, Miss Salzman.

English

A dramatic series featuring the literature of distinguished poets and authors. With performances by the I.S. 74 Players under the direction of Mrs. Kurchin.

Villa Allegre

Foreign Language

In the happy village of Hawthorne,
Monsieur Kreizman and Senoras
Goldman y Rosenfeld conjugate verbs
and prepare us for ordering easily in any
elegant French or Spanish restaurant in
town.



Mrs. Rosenfeld, Mrs. Goldman,
Mr. Kreizman.



Peggy Wang
8-1

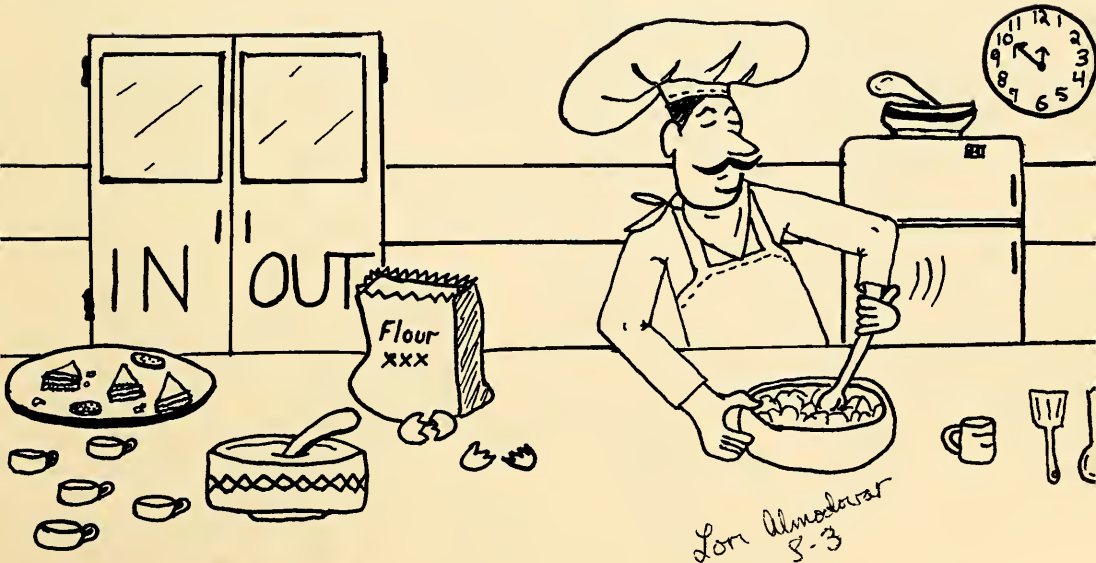
Galloping Gourmet

Home Economics

A course in foods and nutrition taught by master chef Ruckes that stimulates good food habits as well as hearty appetites.



Mrs. Ruckes



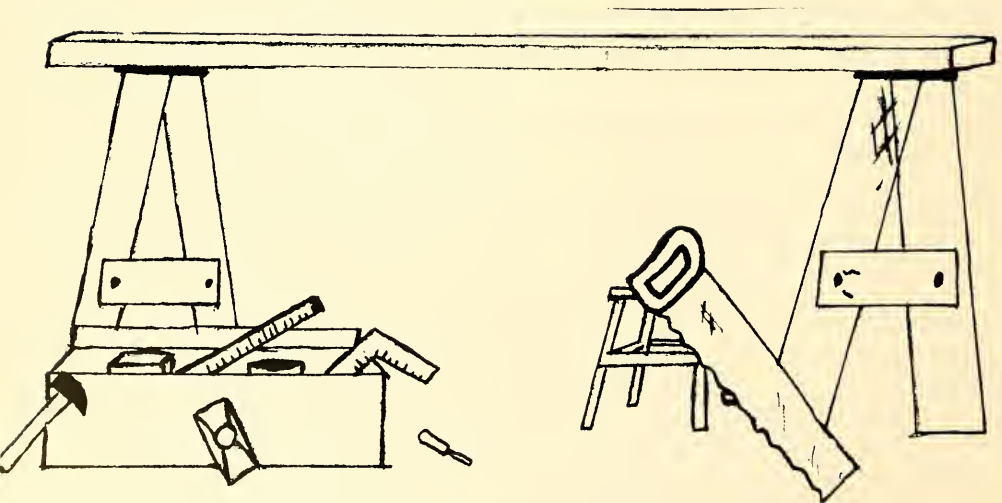
Blockbusters

Industrial Arts

Opportunities to gain the skills needed to build a useful and satisfying life as well as wooden toys, foot stools and ceramic baskets.



Mr. Witz, Mrs. Sauer.



MARTIN RAJOSA 8-1

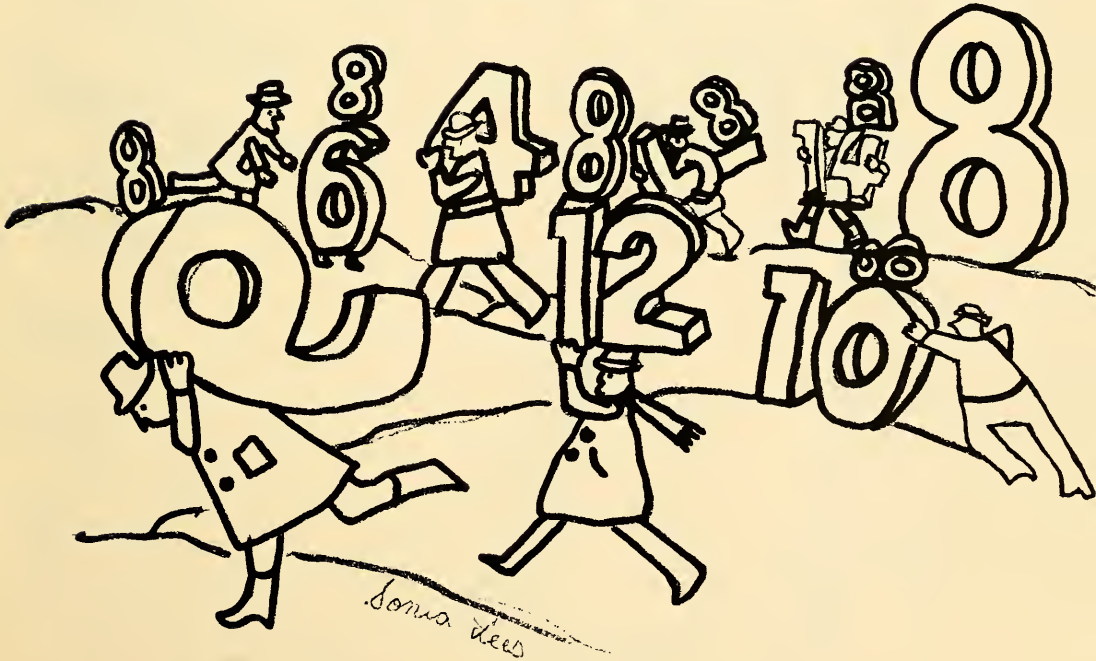
Eight is Enough

Math

A program about programming.
This year students learned, in
addition to subtraction, how to tell
a computer what we want it to do.



Mr. Etra, Mr. Mendelsohn, Mrs. Gersten, Mrs. Plotkin,
Mr. Spatz.



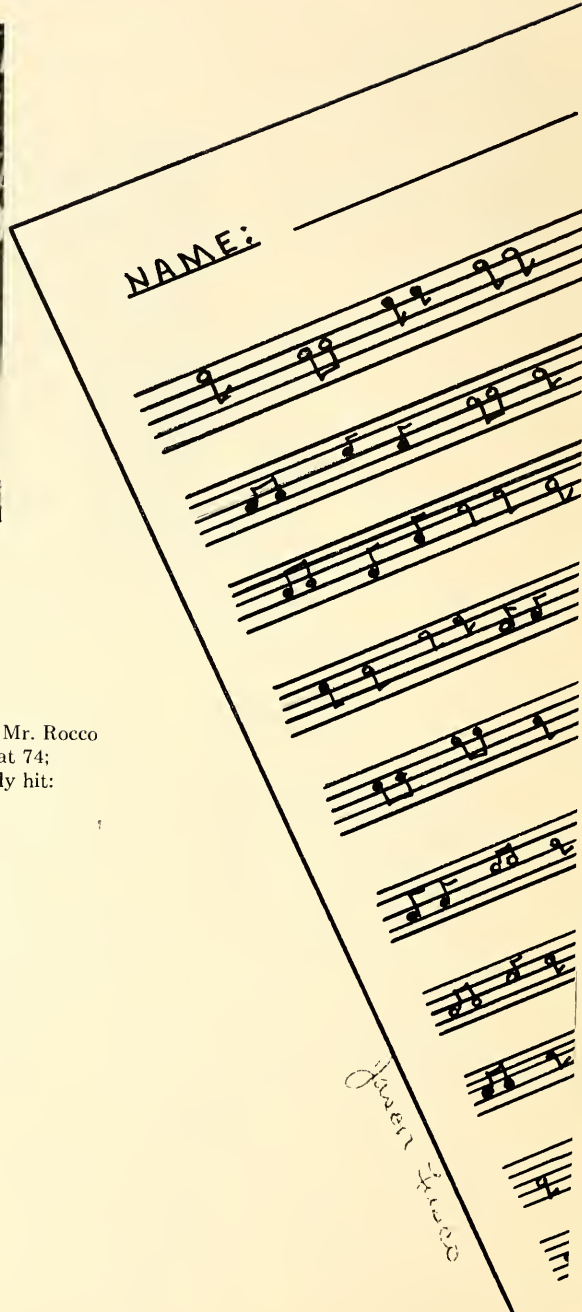
Face the Music



Mr. Rocco

Music

Showcasing the top tunes of 1982, Mr. Rocco and the school band performs live at 74; including his most recent and timely hit: Face The Music.



Wide World of Sports



Ms. Ross
Mr. Lombardo

Physical Education

A series of exciting events set in the gymnasium of I.S. 74 and featuring coaches Lombardo and Ross who were there with us through the glory of victory and the agony of defeat.



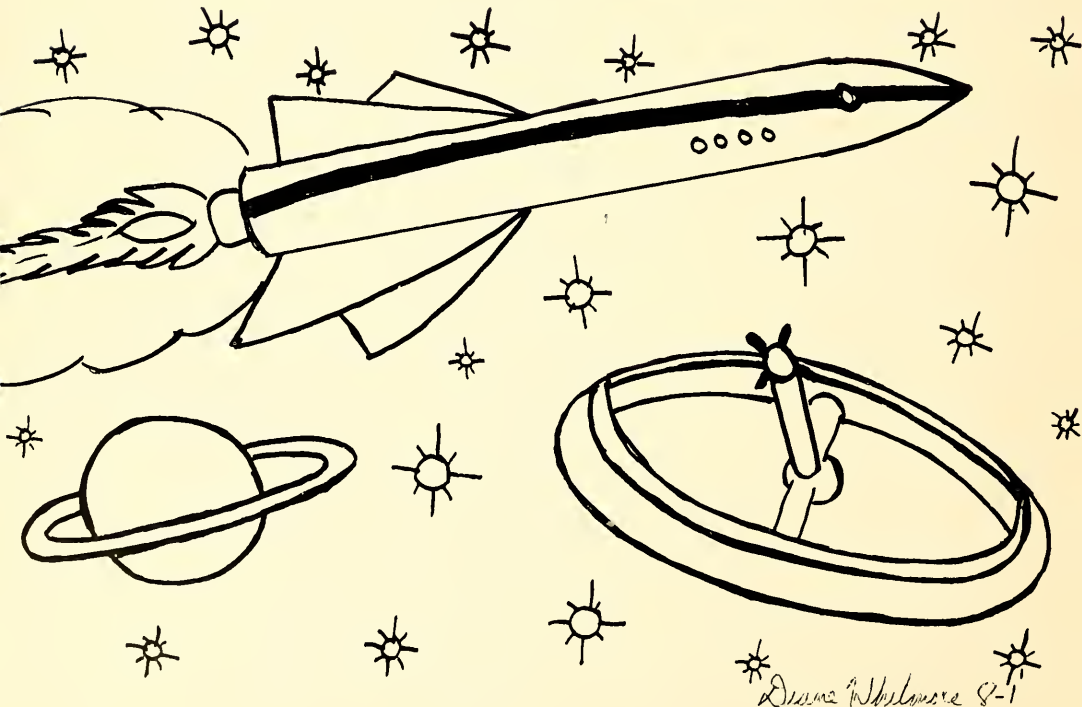
The Twilight Zone

Science

On a probe beyond the Earth's galaxy, the eighth graders at I.S. 74 encountered unknown forces that transformed them into superior intelligent beings.



Mrs. Farber, Mr. Wisniewski,
Mrs. Jerzewski.



Diana Whelan 8-1

Newscenter 74

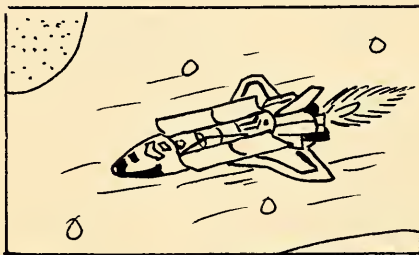
Social Studies

Here at Newscenter 74, we reported the latest news to our students. Our anchor people, Mrs. Bari and Mr. Shaffer, gave us news from around the world; while our on-the-spot reporters, Mr. Sachs and Mr. Feinstein, covered current events. When you're at I.S. 74 --- you're in NEWSMAKER TERRITORY!



Mr. Sachs, Mr. Feinstein, Mrs. Bari,
Mr. Shaffer.

NEWS CENTER



74

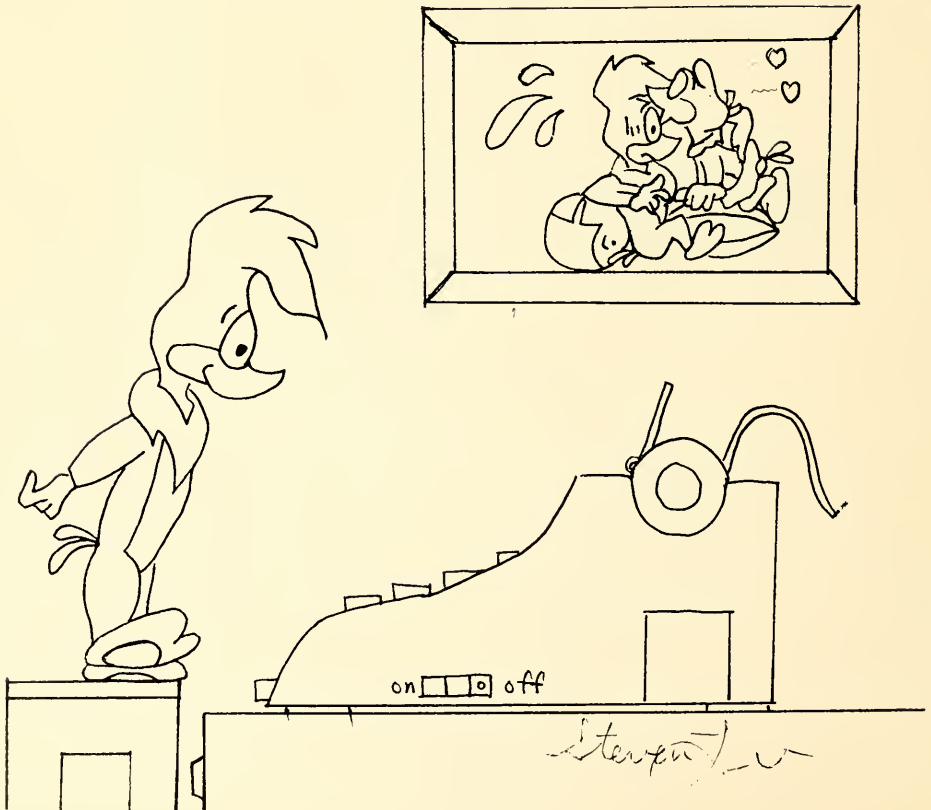
Woody Woodpecker

Typing

Mrs. Roistacher, the fastest fingers at I.S. 74, taught us the skills we need to type term papers in record speed. Move over, Woody....



Mrs. Roistacher





Left-Mrs. Cole, Miss Creighton, Mr. Falk,
Mr. Dreiblatt. Right-Mrs. Spungin,
Mrs. Newman, Mrs. Hansour, Mr. Kravitz.

*Linda
Preston*

Good Times



Hall Guards



Cheerleaders



Math Team



Computer Club



Library Squad

Student Activities



Volleyball Team



National Junior Honor Society



Basketball Team



Cafeteria Squad

Real People



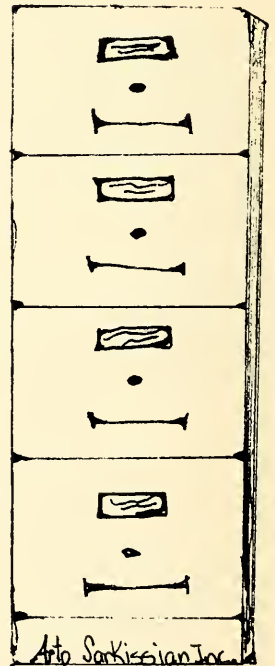
Security Guards



Secretaries



Cafeteria Staff



Our Gang



Art Staff and Mrs. Belfi



Literary Staff and Miss Salzman

The Insights Staff



GRADUATION

BY Lori Almodovar 8-3

Remember back in first grade
We thought we were so old
The day we had show and tell
And brought in some fool's gold?

Remember a few years later
We thought we were devine
We teased the first grade babies
At the ripe old age of nine?

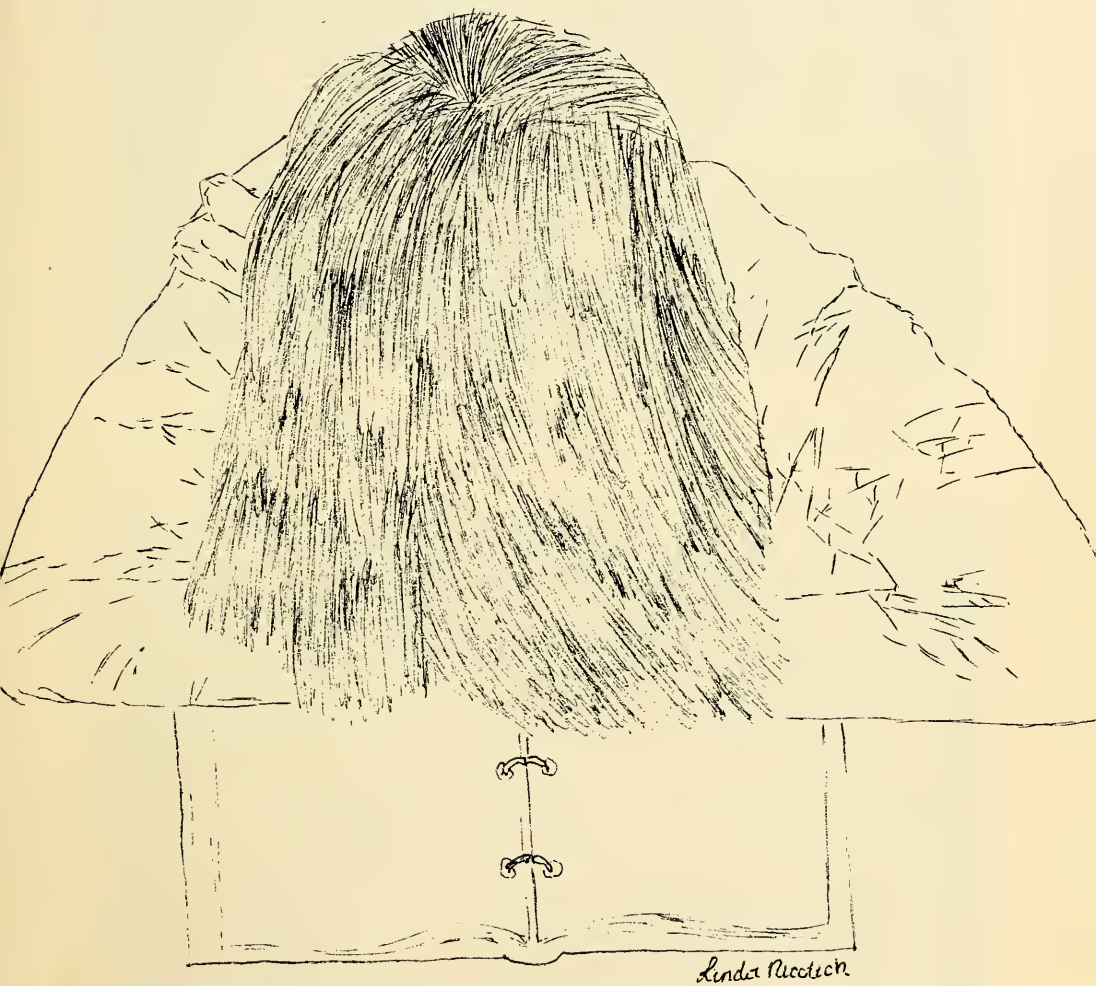
Remember back in fifth grade
We looked at HIM with a sigh
And dreamed of all the coming days
In the huge, new junior high?

Now it's three years later
As graduation day draws near
We think of bittersweet memories
And remember yesteryear.

Remember the hellos and the laughter
The talks about all our fears
Reflect on learning and sharing
Before the goodbyes and the tears.



The Young And The Restless



The Graduates



8-1 Mrs. Belfi

Top Row: Michael Schlossman, David Starkman, Marty Ragusa, David Lazoff, Faisal Siddiqui, Craig Mathews, Ronald Pase, Jason Fusco, Charlie Lee, Paul Karekinian, Michael Bujold, Spiro Bazigos. Second Row: Malini Murthy, Diane Whitmore, Laura Rinaldi, Nancy Rochat, Kim Larson, Serap Savari, Janet Gottlieb, Michelle Wolf, Michelle Choy, Stephanie Berrios, Sejal Patel, Kyung Lee, Ronni Franz, Cassandra Ward. Third Row: Andrea Persaud, Peggy Wang, Stephanie Szumilo, Mrs. Belfi, Joyce Oetjen, Hae Ran Lim, Beth Eras. Bottom Row: Stuart Mildener, George Juang, Jeff Karpinos, Eugene Tsai, Steven Lee, Todd Logan.



8-2 Mr. Lombardo

Top Row: Michael Batashoff, Gary Chun, Sunil Khurana, Mitchell Roth, Robert Frankel, Adrain Rivera, Joel Schwartz, David Shum, Henry Barone, Harold Mejia. Second Row: Missy Leiberman, Linda Nicolich, Susan Phillips, Georgia Perakis, Beth Kantrowitz, Ileana Paiz, Hillary Tucker, Alexandria Ravenel, Rita Candan, Michelle Cohen, Patty Paralemos, Cally Caplanson. Third Row: Jodi Hyde, Jenna Lavin, Denise Roman, Maggie Castro, Andrea Scott, Debbie Dickstein, Sonia Lees, Suzanne Swift. Bottom Row: David Slotnick, Justin Goggin, Arto Sarkissian, Michel Swerdin, Glen Payne, John Palazzolo.



8-3 Mr. Kreizman and Mrs. Farber

Top Row: Diane Araujo, Raymond Wright, Michael Carbone, Anish Shah, William Scheer, Michael Petrokansky, Michael Jinn, Edward Khoriarty, Vic Verma, Mark Moss, Henry DiFranco. Middle Row: Mr. Kreizman, Rebecca Bershaw, Tricia Martinez, Elizabeth Queren, Jackie Chapman, Teresa Loglisci, Robin Roach, Frances Shaw, Lori Almodovar, Rona Marslin, Danielle Hairston, Jackie McSherry, Mrs. Farber. Bottom Row: Tammy Lerner, Louise Siegel, Michelle Yorke, Felice Racionzer, Lisette Torres, Claudia Zarfjian, Diane Broscole, Edmund Catano, John Watson.



8-4 Mrs. Kurchin

Top Row: Michael Scheibel, Eldad Moraru, James Donovan, Joseph Mathai, George Khoriaty, Todd Franklin. Second Row: Nancy Chan, Suzanne Broscole, Lynette Pulliam, Mrs. Kurchin, Jodi Terach, Norvelle Thomas, Yael Benzaken. Third Row: Sheila Hill, Dayniece Lugo, Cynthia Scalise, Randi Schayes, Lisa Iturralde, Larrie Bonifacic, Stephanie Boland, Anny DeAndrade, Lisa Pollack, Linda Berkeley, Thelma Ross. Fourth Row: Larry Richardson, John Young, Philip Como, Heath Zimmerman, Shelton Ross, Mark Westcott, Stephen Presser, Milton Schatzer, Jamie Davis, Jerry Pizzuto.



8-5 Mrs. Jerzewski

First Row: David Fairweather, Peter Ollen, Brian Michalec, Timothy Walters, Scott Axelband, Anthony Lugo, Andrew Benson. Second Row: Jessica Rosinsky, Diane Drakoulis, Ishiaha Timmons, Kathy Kostas, Robin Fishman, Grayce Wiggins, Lisa Bricker, Marlo Winthrop. Third Row: Vincent Vaccaro, Joseph Zummo, Marshall Leeds, Eric Olmstead, Monique Martinez, Christine Walton, Vicki Bruce, Leandra Osborne, Karen Gionet, Melanie Stammer, Marie Thompson, Russel Weyl, Robert DeSilva. Fourth Row: Joseph Butler, Ian Zimmerman, Barry Singer, Andre Boyd, Eric Tetuan, Nicholas Miliakas, Richard Puccio, Courtney Brown, Robert Polenberg.



8-6 Mrs. Ross

First Row: Michael Miller, Michael Dobson, Joseph Toscano, George Tavitian, Bryan Simon. Middle Row: Ms. Ross, Craig Krulevich, Maurice Franks, Jeffrey Thompson, John Frangoulis, Victor Patton, Victor Warren. Bottom Row: Tina Chamberlain, Lisa Garcia, Kelly Keegan, Stacey Gimbel, Marilyn Dore, Monica Benning.



8-7 Mrs. Sassaman

Top Row: Chris Daniel, Andrew Spiller, Corey Bogus, Leigh Dublin, Jim O'Donohue, Donovan Reid. Middle Row: Arthur Tavitian, David Lippold, Garol Arabaci, Robert Pollack, Tom Spagna, Frances Deniega. Bottom Row: Donna Simms, Lisa Narson, Susan Oventhal, Mrs. Sassaman, Cheryl Duckson, Shari Abramowitz.

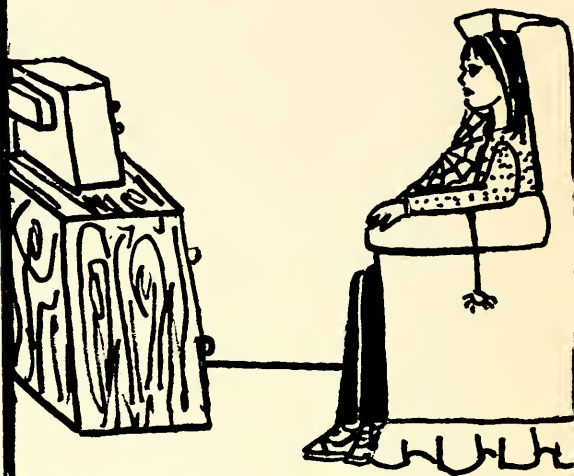


8-8 Mr. Kravitz

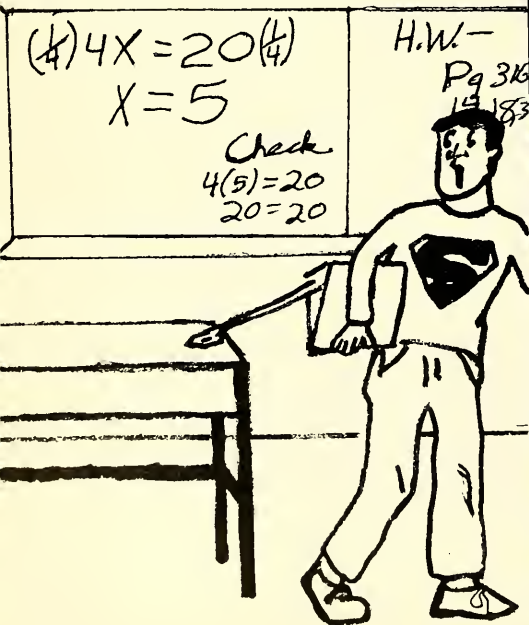
Top Row: Darin Carter, Emmanuel Steedly, William Sables. Bottom Row: Matthew Leuthner, Mr. Kravitz, Jordan Reinleib.



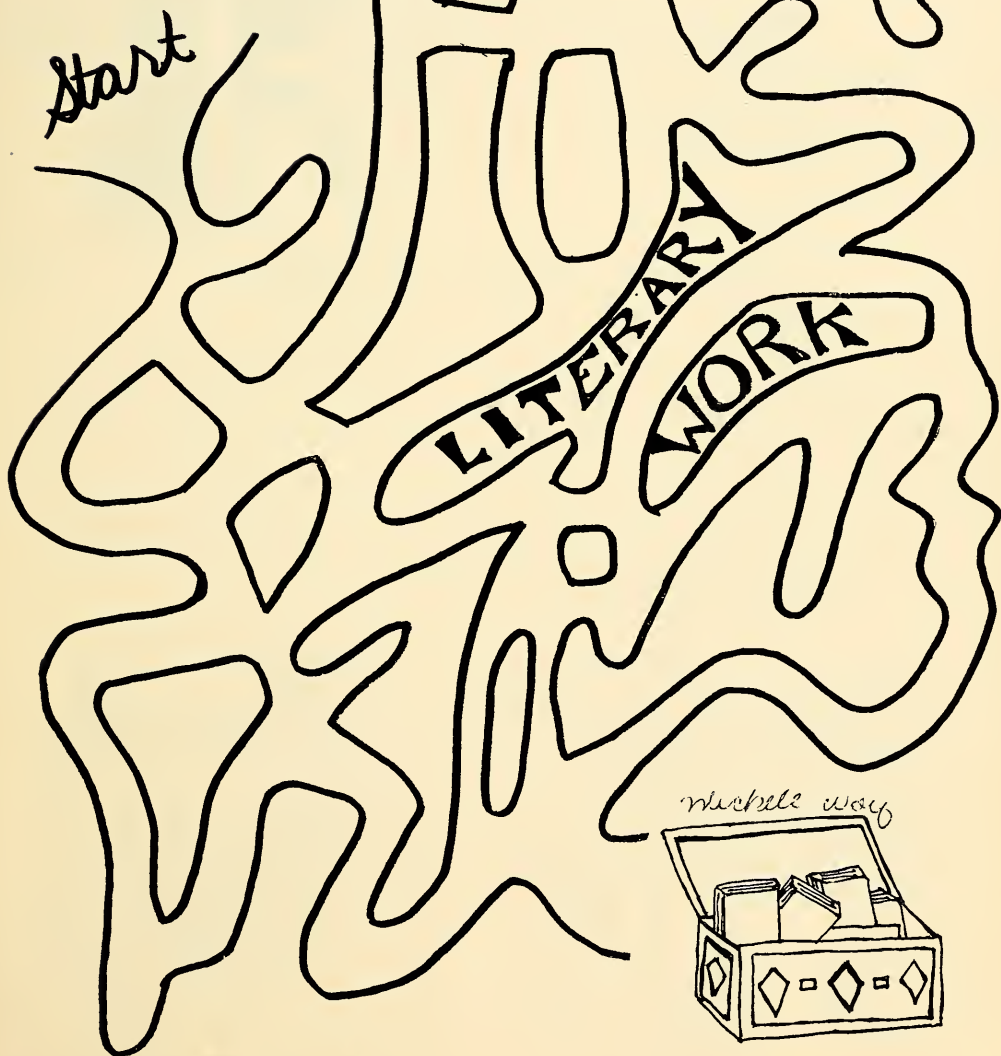
Looney



Tunes



Treasure
Hunt



The TV and Me

By Arto Sarkissian 8-2C

Nowhere to go
Nothing to do
I think I might
put on Channel 2

Channel 2 is dreary as
staring at the floor
I think I'll watch
Channel 4

Channel 4 is dying
It has no life
I think I'll watch
Channel 5

Channel 5 is sickening
It simply isn't heaven
I think I'll switch to
Channel 7

Channel 7 is trashy
Not a favorite of mine
Should I try
Channel 9?

Nothing to do
Nothing to see
And absolutely nothing good
on TV



HOME MOVIES

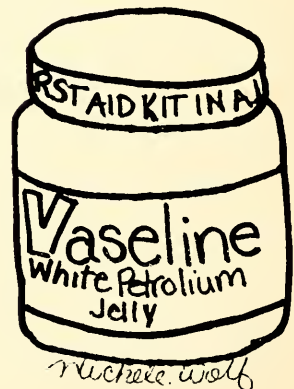
By Mark Alleyne 7-5

One day in our old apartment, me and my brother Scott were in our cribs. Scott was three and I was four. We were upstairs alone.

We found some vaseline and baby powder. I put vaseline all over my body. Scott did the same. He started to put powder over it and I did the same. I fell out of my crib and my mother came running up to see what all the noise was.

She looked at Scott. She looked at me. She was so mad she didn't know what to do!

So she got out the movie camera and she made home movies! I can still remember that day.



THE FAMILY GATHERING

By Sonia Lees 8-2



The TV clicked on
Before long the family gathered
Mom, Dad, me and my brother Ron
We waited in silence
No picture appeared
The television was broken.

My dad gave it a bang
Mom gave it a kick
I felt myself getting terribly sick
What could we do without the TV?

We decided that we would sit around and joke
The night that the television broke.

THE NIGHT THE TV BROKE

By Janet Gottlieb 8-1

The room was dark, the air was still
And not a word was spoken.
I sat there staring, almost ill,
The TV set was broken!

I thought, "Oh, no, what can I do?"
I paced and paced the floor.
In fifteen minutes my favorite show
Would be on Channel Four!

"I know, I'll call the fix-it shop
They'll fix it, there's no doubt."
But the repairman said those awful words,
"I'll have to take it out!"

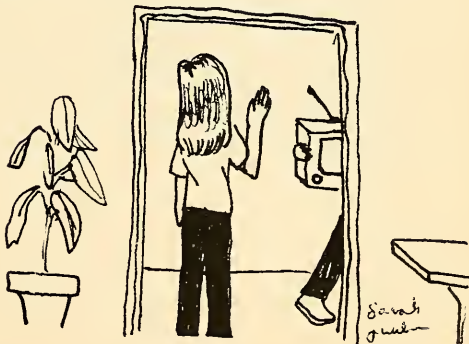
I guess there's not much I can do
But I really do miss Channel Two.
And wait I will, though I'm in pain,
Until my set is home again.

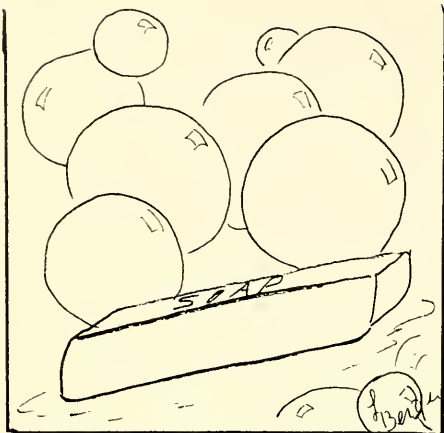
A TV TRAGEDY

By Michael Bujold 8-1

One night, while watching my favorite show,
Something happened to the TV's glow.
I tried turning it off and changing the
channel,
I even tried kicking the control panel!

I yelled for my mother but she wasn't there,
I yelled really loud but no one could hear.
I thought my TV was no good at all,
Then I noticed that the plug was out of the
wall!





Life is...

By Ileana Paiz 8-2

Life is a soap opera you see
 with problems and more problems
 just waiting to be solved.
 When you think you're reaching the end
 you've really just begun.
 And though it may seem hard
 you must struggle
 and fight.
 In this life, there is much to be learned.

We all have hopes and aspirations to fulfill
 but first
 we must learn to earn what we need.
 Nothing is free.
 Though it may be difficult
 the reward is great.
 Whatever you invest in life
 you get back.
 Unfortunately, many of us realize this
 too late
 when nothing can be done.

Life is a soap opera you see.

Life is a Soap Opera

By Valerie Clayman 6-2

As the Days of Our lives go by All My Children have an appointment with The Doctors. There I was walking through General Hospital in Dallas, Texas looking for The Doctors. The children were fidgeting. Oh, I thought to myself, The Young And The Restless.

We finally saw The Doctors. They told me the truth about Ryan's Hope. He had none! The Doctors told me that As The World Turns, Ryan will live in Another World. How could The Doctors say that? Even if Ryan has One Life To Live, does it have to end before his twentieth birthday? How can they say I must Search For Tomorrow? How can they say they may never find a cure?

There I was looking out into The Edge Of Night. How could I tell my husband our Dynasty was ending? I had to find Ryan's Guiding Light.

The Doctors told us to go to a Dr. McClain. His office was on Flamingo Road. Tests were taken. Ryan was hospitalized near Falcon Crest. A day later, he died. Our Dynasty had ended. We moved to King's Crossing to begin again.

...a Soap Opera

By Thelma Ross 8-4

Their eyes met. It was love at first sight. Kenny reached for Thelma and started to kiss her. Somehow he just couldn't help himself. They had just met at the basketball game. They exchanged telephone numbers.

Even though they went to different schools, that didn't change their love for each other. After school they would meet on the side of Mays and walk the Avenue hand in hand. Then, he would walk her to her bus and they'd kiss good-bye.

Their love was made in heaven. Then one day he picked her up after school in his Mercedes and took her to a nice restaurant for dinner. He asked her to marry him. She accepted.

They planned a June wedding. He bought her a diamond. After they were married, he took her to Paris for their honeymoon. They had a wonderful time.

After the honeymoon, they returned to their home in New York where they lived happily ever after.



The Days of Our Lives

By Patty Paralemos 8-2

As I sit back and remember these past three years at I.S. 74 I've had many **Good Times**. Even though there was alot of hard work, I took it **One Day At A Time**. I met so many new friends that once in a while it became **Too Close For Comfort**. We began to feel like **The Brady Bunch**.

We had some fun too. We played **Name That Tune** in music. My favorite city became Dallas and we learned about the many different forms of **Life On Earth** in science; as well as **The Facts Of Life**. Mrs. Kurchin's plays were always the best. I especially liked the play that took place in a **General Hospital**. **The Doctors** were trying to figure out who murdered an innocent woman.

Mrs. Krugman helped to make these three years even more pleasurable. She shed a **Guiding Light** on all my problems and helped me to solve them.

All three years in I.S. 74 have been **Happy Days**. We only have **One Life To Live** and **As The World Turns** we must **Search For Tomorrow** and a better future.

“The Victim”

By John Palazzolo



Have you ever been at the feet of a mad-man -- bound and gagged -- your fate determined by a twisted blood-thirsty mind? It's a horror. A horror that just has to be released. The events of that night will get out. For now, finally, the story will be told.

I was home alone that night. The house was dark and still. The wind-driven rain was blowing against the windows, making a loud tapping sound.

Soon the storm started to rage. The wind howled in the trees. Suddenly, I heard a scream. It couldn't have been, I told myself. But it was. I heard it with my own ears.

I put on my coat and ventured outside. The rain bit at my face. Suddenly, I threw me from side to side. As I advanced through the darkness, I tripped over a large object. Now on my knees, I slowly looked up. The street light shined on a man. It was a huge muscular man with ghostly eyes and a rigid beard. I slowly crawled from the man as he gave a spine-chilling laugh. I got up and ran, slipping on the slick pavement, I fell and twisted my ankle. But I had to keep on moving. Slowly I hobbled, half dragging my lame leg behind me. I heard the man's footsteps coming closer and closer.

When I reached the door I dragged myself in my house. I bolted the door and locked the windows. At last I was safe.

I started for the phone. "Hello, police? There's a killer outside my door! Please come!" I pleaded. "Please help me!" In the corner of my eye I saw the killer through the window. "Help me!! Please help me!! I'm at 53-22 Maple Drive. Help!"

My pursuer took a flying leap through my large patio window. He grabbed the phone, ripping it from the wall, and threw it across the room. I screamed and yelled at the top of my lungs. He grabbed me by the neck and squeezed until I was half suffocated. The killer then threw me over his shoulder and dumped me on the floor. He savagely ripped off his shirt, tearing it into pieces. He tied my hands and feet and gagged me. The madman frantically searched through the kitchen drawers for something. To my horror, he took out a large meat cleaver.

Laughing he slowly approached. One step at a time. The killer came closer and closer. I squirmed. I felt helpless. As the man came nearer I could feel his hot breath on my neck.

He knelt down beside me. The man waved the cleaver at my face. My heart was pounding. I was in a cold sweat. He brushed the blade against my neck. I squirmed in pain. I felt like a worm about to be used as bait. He laughed, looked at me straight in the eyes, and raised the cleaver.

I heard sirens in the distance. Was it true? Was it my imagination? It couldn't have been. My madman heard it too. He looked at me and gave a sneering growl. As the siren came closer he dropped his weapon and jumped through the window out into the rain.

The killer has left my home, but he is still on the loose. He's still out there, somewhere, waiting for the next rainy night. Waiting for someone to be along. Waiting for you.

There are many programs on television that suggest acts of violence such as this. Those shows reach young children and people who may be influenced by them. These programs may be thrilling and entertaining for us, but for some people, these shows motivate them to commit their own acts of violence.

Take Two

By Patty Paralemos 8-2

It was the day before my thirteenth birthday. I was in a great mood. The sun was shining brightly. I was up early that morning to see Lady Diane marry Prince Charles.

That evening I was sitting outside with my friends. The stars were shining brightly. I wished on the first star I saw. I wished that my birthday would be great and that my party would be a success.

We were sitting on the steps of my friends house talking about the party, when suddenly Lori fell backwards off the stoop! Luckily, I was there to break her fall. She escaped without a scratch. I started to have pains in my left shoulder. I thought it was nothing but then it really began to hurt and I decided to go home.

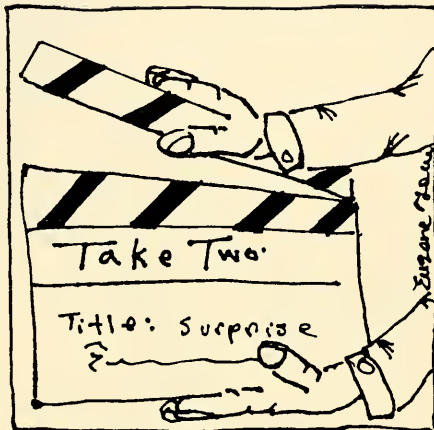
My mother was worried since I could hardly move my left arm. My father told me to sleep on it and if it still hurt in the morning we would go to the hospital. So, taking his advice, I went to sleep.

The next morning, my birthday, I awoke early. I couldn't even move. My whole body hurt. So, we went to the Emergency Room at Booth Memorial Hospital. The nurse filled out the insurance forms. She gave me a peculiar look when I told her the day of my birth.

When my shoulder was finally x-rayed, the doctors found that I had cracked my collarbone! I had to wear a brace on my shoulder for a month! I couldn't go swimming for the rest of the summer. I had to cancel my party.

"Cut!" the director cried. "What kind of joyful birthday scene is this? Start it all over... Take two!"

It was the day before my thirteenth birthday...



Skip Stevenson, "Real People"

c/o George Schlatter Productions
8321 Beverly Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90048

67-27 213th Street
Bayside, New York 11364
1/21/81

Dear Mr. Stevenson:

I am an eighth-grader attending a New York City Public School. For a project for my school yearbook, I have decided to try to arrange an interview with my favorite television personality. For this reason, I am writing to you.

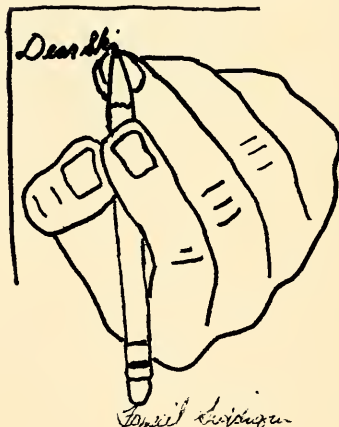
If possible, I would like to interview you before June of this year. I would be very grateful for this meeting. If no interview is able to be planned, please send me information about you.

I thank you for the time and effort you have given me. I would also be looking forward to the next episodes of "Real People". Thank you!

Yours truly,

George Juang

George Juang



HOW BIG BIRD CHANGED MY LIFE

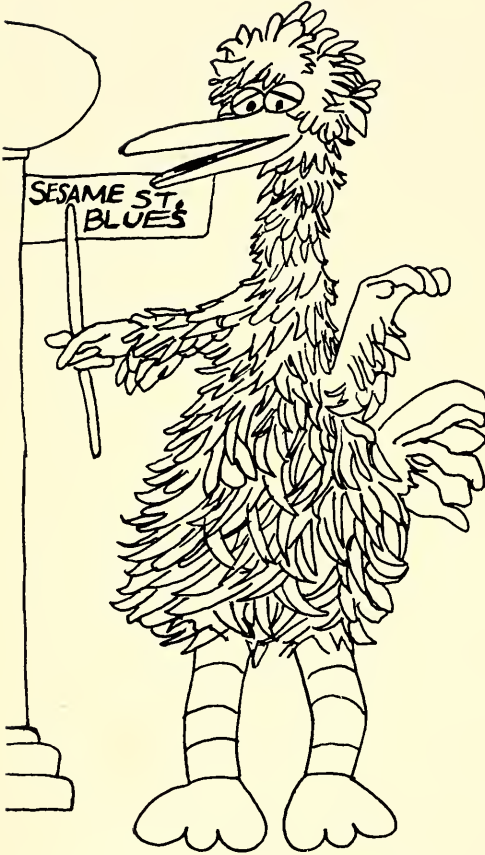
By Linda Nicolich 8-2

My life began when I was very small,
But then I grew to be very tall.
Here and now I will say,
What happened to me along the way.

The TV was turned to a different channel,
A channel that was strange and new.
I quickly dashed to the TV panel,
To adjust the color and change the hue.

A large yellow bird appeared on the screen,
He was very gentle not at all mean.
It was a wonderful show and lured me to watch more
I was glued to the TV until my eyes were sore.

Everyday at that time I watched my TV
And even today I have to see,
Big Bird - you have changed my life so,
When I'm one hundred - I'll still watch your show!



By David Slotnick 8-2

I met him once during a dark, stormy night,
He said, "How are you?", I said, "I'm alright."
He said, "I'm lost." I said, "Me too!"
We decided to see what we could do.

All through this dark and dreary eve,
Through the streets we did weave.
We walked down an alley,
We heard a sound.
It was Kermit the Frog who we had found!
He tried to help us, but to no avail,
And we were led to a longer trail.
He found his home, but I couldn't find mine,
And now I live on Sesame Street and Vine.



An Interview With Mr. Kreizman

By Stefanie Szumilo 8-1

Reporter: Do you enjoy watching TV?

Mr. Kreizman: Sometimes, it really depends on the show.

Reporter: About how many hours per day do you spend watching TV?

Mr. Kreizman: All in all, about an hour.

Reporter: Do you think TV is worthwhile?

Mr. Kreizman: I think that very few programs today are of any real value.

Reporter: How do you feel about soap operas?

Mr. Kreizman: I think that they are very unrealistic. For instance, a person can have a fatal disease and have only six months to live, and about eleven years later, he has only five months to live.

Reporter: How about sports coverage?

Mr. Kreizman: The high school and college sports are good, but I can't see giving these "professionals" a half a million dollars each year. Most of them don't earn it.

Reporter: What do you think about violence on TV?

Mr. Kreizman: Although any violence, whether on TV or not, isn't good, I'd rather see it on television than in real life. The violence I'd like to see is everyone throwing their TVs out the window!

Reporter: What is your view of explicit language on TV?

Mr. Kreizman: There really is no reason to limit the language on TV. You hear it anywhere you go anyway.

Reporter: How do you feel about commercials?

Mr. Kreizman: I believe they are the greatest insult to human intelligence. I can't understand why grown men and women want to squeeze toilet paper.

Reporter: How does TV differ in France?

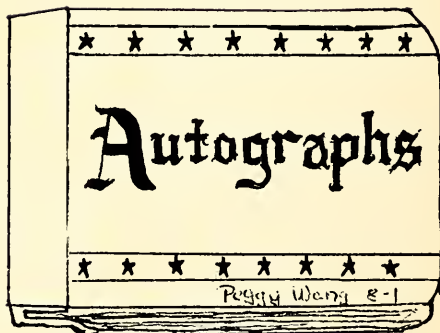
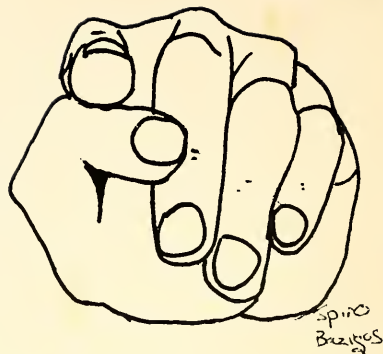
Mr. Kreizman: In France they only have about three or four channels. Each channel has limited shows and very few commercials.

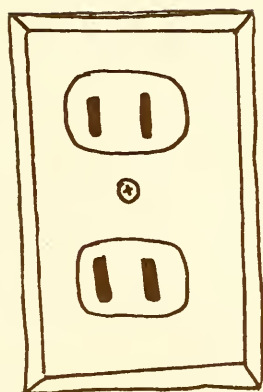
Reporter: Do you think TV is good for kids?

Mr. Kreizman: I think it's pathetic to have these youngsters subjected to the torture of sitting in front of a 19" BOOB TUBE!

You Asked For It

To. Dad,;
may you have all
the luck in the
Future.
Love Dad
H





Good Luck

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